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STAR WARS EPISODE VIII: THE FAN-FIC AWAKENS

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

After the death of Han Solo

The sun bore down on the desert planet of Jakku and the heat was unbearable. The rays of sunlight tore through Allyn's black clothes as if she were a magnet to the heat. She had only been out two hours and already was drowning in sweat. Her clothes and hair were drenched. But despite the heat she carried on. She'd seen a large hunk of debris that looked like it was from the Imperial Age, and she knew it probably contained plenty of old junk that her life, as a scavenger, depended on. She never imagined that what she'd find would change her life and the galaxy forever.

"Arrgh! There's nothing here but charred pieces of worthless metal." An angry Allyn complained after at least an hour of sifting through the trash. She knew it was useless to complain to no one, but it made her feel better somehow. But just as she was about to leave, something caught her eye. This thing seemed to stand out somehow in this field of metal scraps. It was a silvery-colored cylinder with a black grip and a strange ramp jutting out from the top. Curious, Allyn pressed a medium-sized red button and...

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"Ben," was the answer given by General Leia Organa, head of the Rebellion and mother to the despicable Kylo Ren, the man who had killed his own father. The lightsaber had to be his. There were no other Sith left.

"Wait, Mom!" General Organa's daughter, Skylar Organa, cried out as she entered the room.

"Zoom in on that saber. There are no mini-lasers jutting out of the sides. It can't be Kylo's."

"Skylar's right, but we need to attack anyway. Currently Kylo Ren is the only known Sith alive. An apprentice would not be good."

"Understood, ma'am. Initiating attack sequence."

"You said you had the money. So where is it?"

"Oh, I said I had the money? Why, I don't think I remember that."

Don't do it, Piper thought as she saw her client's hand reach towards his pocket.

Don't do it.

Just as the young smuggler's client drew his blaster, Piper whipped hers out and in a snap the Rodian was dead.

"Shouldn't have done it," Piper said with a smirk. After all, she was a Solo, wasn't she?

"Come on, Chewie. We've got 10 minutes, tops, before the First Order finds out," Piper told her loyal Wookie copilot Chewbacca as they entered Han Solo's ship, the Millennium Falcon, now Piper's due to the death of her father, Han Solo himself. "Let's go."

As they flew through space, Piper noticed a strange red glow coming from the desert below.

Something she'd only seen with...

"Oh no. The Order's already caught up to us. Oh well, Chewie. Time to attack."

Immediately the laser cannons were launched, but none of them were hitting, which really ticked Piper off. Normally she was a sharpshooter, but now her aim was suddenly as bad as an Imperial stormtrooper's.

"Chewie, we've got to get in clo..."

Suddenly, it struck her. There was only one Sith left in the galaxy. Kylo Ren. The murderer of her father. Her brother. It was him.

Chapter 2 by Mason Lee



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Chapter 3 by Mason Lee



Her mesmerized trance was broken as she heard the unmistakable sound of lasers shooting at her. From both directions. Her arms moved instinctively, blocking the blasts with her lightsaber from every way. It was if she had no control. The lightsaber was a part of her that she used everyday without thinking about it, like her eyes. She was trapped in this world of battle until it all suddenly stopped. Alynn put down her lightsaber... it was *hers* now, and watched as the two starships that had fired at her swooped down and met in front of her. She recognized them, a surprisingly large X-Wing from the Rebellion and a Corellian Engineering Corporation YT-1300 light freighter, also known as a big flying hunk of junk. She dodged behind a heavily charred remain of a door and watched as the pilots stepped out, her heart thumping as fast as the *Millennium Falcon*. Wait a minute...

And then they came out.

The first one Alynn saw came out of what a stunned Alynn decided must have been the *Millennium Falcon*. But the pilot who came out was not the famous smuggler Han Solo, as she had expected, but a slim brown-eyed girl with brown hair in a simple braid down her back, yet dressed exactly as the late and great pilot had. The X-Wing held **THREE** people: a handsome male Rebellion pilot with curly black hair and tan skin, General Leia Organa herself, and a girl about the same age as the one from the Falcon in a flowy white tunic and shirt with long brown hair in a headband braid across her forehead. She looked strikingly like the other girl. Alynn wondered why they were here.

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And Alynn immediately fell in love.

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